PHILLIPSBURG HERALD.

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A BOTANICAL LESSON.

Mrs. Professor addresses her class:
"Now, mark well my lecture, each good lad and lass.
If you take this small seed and deposit it quite
Far down in the earth away from the light,
One slight green shoot will presently show
That the germ has begun to bud, you know."

"Why does it bud?" "Because it draws
New life from the earth, by natural laws."
"How does it draw new life, my dear?"
"Well, that indeed—does not clearly appear;
But watch it awhile, and you shall see
The small shoot grow to a young rose-tree."

"How does it grow?" "Ah! yes, the cells
Are filled with sap that steadily swells
Those delicate tissues, and then behold
The leaf and perfect flower unfold!"
"How does the sap get into the cell?"
"So far the wise men have failed to tell."

"But oh, the wonder that gleams and glows
In the sweet white miracle of the rose,
Whose every leaf has a velvet side,
With the color of rubies, glorified."
"How is it colored?" "It takes its hues
From the sun-rays. Yes, each rose can choose

"The red or the gold ray, or hold them all;
Each sweet-brier that garlands the gray old wall,
Each violet flecking the earth with blue,
Draws from one palette its own glad hue."
"But who carries her flush to the cheek of the rose,
Her blue to the violet?" "God only knows;

And therefore wise people never will ask,
But now I have nearly finished my task,
And you, my pupils, will readily see
How the small seed changes to flower and tree:
And how fully, clearly, science can show
That the law of growth is—ahem—to grow."
—*Fannie R. Robinson, in Youths' Companion.*

WOOING BY PROXY.

A Pretty Love Story, Well Told.

She is leaning back in a deep crimson chair, with a white dress sweeping in long shining folds about her. She is talking to two or three men with that rather weary grace he has grown accustomed to see in her, and which is so different from the joyous smiles of the Jeanne de Beaujen whom he loved so long ago. He is watching her from the opposite side of the salon as he stands beside his hostess, and he tells himself that it is for the last time. He is going to her presently, and he knows just how coldly she will raise the dark eyes that once never met his without confessing that she loved him. He knows just what he will say and what she will answer, and there is no need for haste in this last scene of his tragedy.

"A man should know when he is beaten," he is thinking, while he smiles vaguely in reply to Mme. de Soule's commonplaces. "There is more stupidity than courage in not accepting a defeat while there is yet time to retreat with some dignity. For six weeks I have shown her, with a directness that has, I dare say, been amusing to our mutual friends, that after ten years' absence my only object in returning to Paris is her society. She cannot avoid meeting me in public, but she has steadily refused to receive me when I call upon her, or to permit me a word with her alone. I have been a fool to forget that all these years in which I regretted her she has naturally despised me, but at least it is not just of her to refuse me a hearing." The moment he has been waiting for is come. The little court about her disperses, until there is but one man beside her, and she glances around with a look of mild appeal against the continuance of his society.

De Palissier has escaped from his hostess in an instant, and the next he is murmuring, with the faintest suspicion of a tremor in his voice, "Will Mme. de Miramon permit me a dance?"

"Thanks, M. de Palissier, but I am not dancing this evening," she replies, with exactly the glance and tone he expects.

"Will madame give me a few moments' serious conversation?" and this time the tremor is distinct, for even the nineteenth-century horror of melodrama cannot keep a man's nerves quite steady when he is asking a question on which his whole future depends.

"One does not come to balls for serious conversation——" she begins, lightly.

"Where may I come, then?" he interrupts, eagerly.

"Nowhere. There is no need for serious conversation between us, M. de Palissier," she replies, haughtily, and rising, she takes the arm of the much-edified gentleman beside her, and moves away.

It is all he has prophesied to himself, and yet for a moment the lights swim dizzily before him, and the passionate sweetness of that Strauss waltz the band is playing stabs his heart like a knife. For a moment he does not realize that he is standing quite motionless, gazing, with despair in his eyes, after Mme. de Miramon's slender, white-clad figure, and that two or three people, who have seen and heard, are looking at him with that amused pity which sentimental catastrophe always inspires in the spectators.

Some one touches his arm presently with her fan, and with a start he comes to himself and recognizes Lucille de Beaujen, the young sister of Mme. de Miramon, whom he remembers years ago as a child, and with whom he has danced several times this winter.

"And our waltz, monsieur?" she asks gayly. "Do not tell me you have forgotten it, That is evident enough, but you should not admit it."

"Mille pardons, mademoiselle," he mutteres, hurriedly.

"I am very good to-night," she says, putting her hand on his mechanically extended arm. "Though the waltz is half over, there is still time for you to get me an ice."

So they make their way through the salon, she talking lightly and without pausing for a reply, while he, vaguely grateful to her for extracting him from an awkward position, wonders also that she should care to be so kind to a man whom her sister has treated with such marked dislike.

The refreshment room is almost empty and she seats herself and motions him to a chair beside her when he has brought her an ice.

"Do you think, M. le Marquis, that it was only to eat ices with you that I have forced my society so resolutely upon you?" she asks, with a look of earnestness very rare on her bright coquettish face.

"I think you an angel of compassion to an old friend of your childhood, Mlle. Lucille——"

"It was compassion, but more for my sister than for you," she says gravely.

"Your sister!" he echoes, bitterly. "It has not occurred to me that Mme. de Miramon is in need of compassion, and yours is too sweet to be wasted——"

"Chut, monsieur," she interrupted. "Forget that I am as fond of pretty speeches as most young women, and think of me only as Jeanne de Miramon's sister, who believes that much as she loves her, you love her even more——"

For the second time this evening De Palissier forgets possible observers, and clasps both the girl's slender hands in his, as he murmurs unsteadily, "God bless you!"

"You forget that we have an audience, monsieur," she says, withdrawing her hands quickly, but with a smile of frank comradeship. "I have a story to tell you, and not much time to tell it in. Years ago, when Jeanne left her convent on becoming fiancee to M. de Miramon, she met you at her first ball, and you loved each other. It was very foolish, for you were a cadet of your house, and only a Sous-Lieutenant, and Jeanne had not a sou, so both the families were furious; but all would have ended as well as a fairy tale if you had been reasonable. Jeanne met you time after time in secret, and promised any amount of patience, but she would not run away and marry you in defiance of her parents; so you tormented her with doubts, and shamed her with suspicions until she dreaded those secret meetings almost as much as she longed for them. At last, after making a more violent quarrel than usual, you exchanged from your regiment at Versailles to one in Algiers, and left her no refuge from the reproaches of our father and mother but to marry M. de Miramon. He might have refused to marry her after hearing her confess, as she did, that she had given her heart to you, and that only your desertion had induced her to consent to their marriage. But he did not; he had a better revenge than that. He married her, and for eight years he tortured her in every way that a jealous and cruel man can torment a proud, pure woman. He opened all her letters, he made spies of her servants, and not a day passed that he did not insult her with some mention of your name. Our parents died within a few months of the marriage, and I was at the convent. There was nothing to be done with her misery but endure it, knowing that she owed it all to your impatience. Can you wonder that she is unforgiving?"

He is leaning on the small table between them with folded arms and downbent eyes, and he is very pale, even through the bronze of ten African summers.

"I loved her always——" he says, almost inaudibly; then pauses; nor does he finish his sentence, though she waits for him to do so.

"You love her? You could not have wrecked her life more utterly if you had hated her. Can you wonder that she has grown to fear the thought of love that has been so cruel to her as yours and her husband's? Monsieur, my brother-in-law died two years ago—God is so good!" continues Lucille, fiercely. "Since then Jeanne has been at peace, and she shrinks with absolute terror from disturbing the calm which has come to her after such storms. She fears you, she avoids you, because—shall I tell you why?"

She can see his lips quiver even under the heavy mustache, but he neither speaks nor raises his eyes.

"She loves you," murmurs Lucille, just aloud.

He lifts his eyes now and looks at her dumbly for an instant; then, rising, abruptly walks away.

He comes back presently.

"My child," he says, very gently, "do not try to make me believe that, unless you are very sure, for if I once believe it again, I—I——"

"I am as sure as that I live that Jeanne has never ceased to love you, and that you can force her to confess it if you will make love to me."

"I? You? You are laughing at me!" with a rush of color into his dark face.

"Do you think so ill of Jeanne's sister?" she asked, softly.

"Pardon. I am scarcely myself, and I can not imagine how——"

"Jeanne will not receive you because she knows her own heart and is afraid of it. She fears that you will destroy the hard-won peace she values so highly. But you are wealthy, distinguished, the head of your name—a very different person from what you were ten years ago, and she can find no reason for refusing you as my suitor if I consent, and as my chaperon she must be present at all our meetings. You begin to understand? Make her see that your love is not all jealousy; make her remember—make her regret."

"But, forgive me, when one has loved a woman for ten years," with a faint smile, "there is no room in one's heart for even a pretense at loving another."

"If there were, monsieur, I should never have proposed my plot," she replies, with dignity. "It is because I have watched you all these weeks and know that your love is worthy of my sister that I trust you. But it is not with one's heart that one pretends. Enfin, it is with you to consent or decline."

"Decline!" he echoes, with a passion none the less intense for its quietness, "Does a dying man decline his last chance of life, however desperate it may be?"

The next week is full of bitter surprises to the proud and patient woman, whose pathetic cling to her new-found peace Lucille so well understands. Though it is long since she has permitted herself to rember anything of the lover of her youth except his jealousy, she has believed in his faithfulness as utterly as she dreamed it, and when she receives De Palissier's note asking the consent of his old friend to his love for her sister, the pain she feels bewilders and dismays her. With a smile whose cynicism is as much for herself as for him, she gives the note to Lucille expecting an instant rejection of the man whose motives in pursuing them they had both so misunderstood. But with a gay laugh: "Then my sympathy has been all without cause," the girl cries. "By all means let him come, my Jeanne. It cannot wound you who have long ago ceased to regret him, and he is the best parti in Paris, and *tres bel homme* for his age."

It is quite true there can be no objection to the wealthy and distinguished Marquis de Palissier if Lucille is willing—none but the pain at her heart which she is too ashamed even to confess to herself. So a note is written fixing an hour for his first visit, and Mme. de Miramon prepares herself to meet the man whom she last saw alone in all the passionate anguish of a lover's quarrel. Is this wild flutter in her throat a sign of the peace she has resolved to possess? Thank God! she can at least promise herself that whatever she may suffer, neither he nor Lucille shall guess it.

There is the sound of wheels in the courtyard, and she rises with a hasty glance at her reflection in the mirror.

"His old friend!" she murmurs, scornfully. "I dare say I look an old woman beside Lucille."

Then she turns with a look of graceful welcome, for the door is thrown open, and a servant announces:

"M. le Marquise de Palissier."

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure than to receive as my sister's suitor the old friend of whom the world tells me such noble things." She utters her little speech as naturally as though she had not rehearsed it a dozen times, and holds out her pretty hand to him.

To her surprise he does not take it. How should she guess that he dares not trust himself to touch calmly the hand he would have risked his life to kiss any time these ten years?

"You are too good, madame," he replies, very low; and she reflects that he is, of course, a little embarrassed. "I am afraid you had much to forgive in those days so long ago, but time, I trust, has changed me."

"It would be sad, indeed, if time did not give us wisdom and coldness in exchange for all it takes from us," she says, with a quick thrill of pain that he should speak of ten years as if it were an eternity.

"Not coldness," he exclaims, coming nearer, and looking at her with eyes that make her feel a girl again. "If you could see my heart, you—"

"May I enter, my sister?" asked the gay voice of Lucille, as she appears from behind the portiere at so fortunate a moment for the success of her plot that it is to be feared that she had been eavesdropping.

De Palissier turns at once and presses her hand to his lips.

"Mademoiselle," he says, tenderly, "I am at your feet."

Then begins a charming little comedy of love-making, in which Lucille plays her role with pretty coquetry and he with infinite zeal.

And the chaperon bends over her lace work and hears the caressing tones she thought she had forgotten, and sees the tender glances she imagined she had ceased to regret, all given to her young sister in her unregarded presence. How is she to keep the peace she so prayed for if her future is to be haunted by this ghost from the past? She is very patient and used to suffering, but at length she can endure no longer, and, not daring to leave the room, she moves away to a distant writing-table where she is at least beyond hearing.

There is an instant pause between the conspirators, and while De Palissier's eyes wistfully follow Mme. de Miramon, Lucille seizes her opportunity with a promptness that would have done credit to a Richelieu or a Talleyrand, or any other prince of schemers.

"Courage, monsieur!" she murmurs. "She has been cold to me ever since your note came. You would make a charming jeune premier at the Francais, only when you do say anything very tender, do you remember to look at me instead of Jeanne." And she breaks into a laugh so utterly amused that he presently laughs, too, and the sound of their mirth causes an odd blot in the poor chaperon's writing.

A month has dragged by wretchedly enough, both to the conspirators and their victim, and, like all things earthly, has come to an end at last. Even Lucille's energy could not keep De Palissier to his role, if he did not believe that in surrendering it he must give up the bitter-sweet of Jeanne's daily presence, which even in its serene indifference had become the one charm of life to him. Mme. de Miramon and her sister are spending a week at her villa near Paris, and De Palissier, who is to accompany them on a riding party, has arrived a little late, and finds both sisters already in the court-yard, with some horses and grooms, when he enters. Lucille comes to him at once as he dismounts, with a look of alarm instead of her usual coquetry.

"Do not let Jeanne ride Etoile," she said, anxiously. "She has thrown Guillaume this morning."

Mme. de Miramon is standing beside an old groom, who is holding the horse in question, and she does not look at her sister or De Palissier as they approach.

"Let me ride Etoile, and take my horse to-day, madame," De Palissier says, eagerly. "I should like to master a horse who has thrown so excellent a groom as Guillaume."

"So should I," she says, with a hard little laugh, and she steps on the block.

"Jeanne!" cries Lucille.

"I entreat you for your sister's sake. She will be terribly alarmed," De Palissier says, hurriedly.

"Then you must console her. The greater her alarm, the greater your delightful task, monsieur," and she looks at him with a defiant pain in her eyes like a stag's at bay. "I shall ride Etoile."

"Then I say that you shall not," he answers, putting his arm across the saddle, and meeting her eyes with a sudden blaze in his.

For an instant they gaze at each other in utter forgetfulness of any other presence than their own. Then she springs from the block and comes close to him.

"I hate you!" she gasps, and, turning, gathers up her habit in one hand runs into the house, swiftly followed by De Palissier. In the salon she faces him with a gesture of passionate pride.

"Leave me!" she says. "I forbid you to speak to me."

He is very pale, but the light of triumph is in his eyes, and, like most of men, being triumphant, he is cruel.

"Why do you hate me?" he asked, imperiously.

"I beg your pardon," she stammers, dropping the eyes which she knows are betraying her. "I should have said——"

"You should have said, 'I love you,'" he murmurs, coming close to her and holding out his arms. "Does it hurt you that I should know it at last—I who have loved you all these years?"

"But Lucille," she falters, moving away from him, but with eyes that shine and lips that quiver with bewildered joy.

"Never mind Lucille," cries that young lady very cheerfully from the doorway. "It has been all a plot for your happiness, my Jeanne, which would never have succeeded if you had known your sister as well as she knew you. To think that I would be content with the wreck of any man's heart!—fi donc! When my day comes,

"Like Alexander, I will reign,
And I will reign alone."

—*Translated from the French for the Chicago Tribune.*

Rich Dunces and Poor Scholars.

There is one thing worse than ignorance: It is to despise knowledge. Ignorance may be a misfortune, but the man who reviles the knowledge he does not possess shows an ignoble nature.

An article is going the rounds of the newspapers, entitled "Results of Education," the object of which is to show how much better it is to be a rich ignoramus than a poor scholar. The author selects cases to prove his point. A rich Cattle King, who had a year's schooling, and who still thinks William the Conquerer and William the Fourth were one and the same person, is worth two millions of dollars, and has three clerks in his employment who were college graduates.

Another man, whose doting parents scrimped and slaved to send him to college, and who graduated with honors, is now forty years of age, and makes school-books for a rich publisher for fifteen dollars a week.

Imagine a long string of such examples, given to show that he who would thrive in this world must abandon his school, throw aside his books and go into the street to struggle for pennies! Every statement in this article may be true, and yet the article itself be a falsehood, for nothing lies with such force as truth. That is, truth perverted and misused, can be made to convey an impression completely erroneous.

Now there actually was a college graduate employed by a publisher of school-books at a salary something like that named above. That is truth. But not the whole truth—for the reason why the man worked in an inferior position was not because he graduated from college, but because his habits were bad. He was an occasional drunkard. In his subordinate position he was safer and better off than he had ever been when working for himself.

Colleges do not teach young men how to buy cheap and to sell dear. *Education is that which makes success worth having.* It cannot impart the quality of mastership, which makes one man go forward and take the lead, and the want of which makes it far better for most men to follow.

In New York there are many of these wealthy, ignorant men, whom unfortunately our youth are advised to imitate. As a class, they are well known to be both ridiculous, restless and coarse in speech and habits. They do not know what to do with themselves or with their money, unless it be to go grinding on, adding to their preposterous burthens. Some of them try to conquer *ennui* and to place themselves above the position to which their lack of education assigns them, by building beautiful palaces, or by making art collections, of which they really appreciate nothing but the cost. Others parade their littleness in the harbors of the world, protected by a flag to which their lives have added no lustre.

One of the absurdest, nay, one of the most threatening and terrible spectacles which our imperfect civilization affords, is an ignorant, common, vulgar man, with millions of dollars at his command—millions which spoil him, corrupt his relations, and blast his children!—*Youths' Companion.*

A Postponed Funeral.

An old timer of Rochester, N. Y., giving recollections of cholera times to *The Democrat and Chronicle*, of that city, relates the following: "There was an old house down on the canal by Trowbridge street, near the present site of Moss' lumber-yard, which was a pretty tough rookery. It was inhabited by the very lowest Irish, and a large number of deaths occurred there. Among the inmates was one Mary Lynn, one of the most notorious characters of the day. One day Mary was found laid out, and everybody supposed that she was dead. A coffin was procured, and the remains put in and the lid screwed down, and the funeral procession, composed of a number of hack-loads of friends, started for the pinnacle, where a grave had been duly prepared. I drove one of the hacks. It was a pretty lively funeral. Most of the party were measurably happy. There was an old shanty just by the cemetery, where liquors were sold, and as the coffin was being taken from the hearse, my passengers improved the opportunity to get another drink. Just as the coffin had been removed from the hearse, somebody stumbled, and the coffin fell to the ground, bursting open."

"That was unpleasant, certainly."

"It was, indeed; but imagine the sensation when Mary rose in the coffin and commenced swinging her arms, and in a moment came out, landing upon her feet. Her first ejaculation was: 'What are you doing?' She was a rough, powerful woman, and a great fighter in her day, and she made things howl there for a few moments."

"You must have had rather peculiar sensations for a moment."

"Yes, I did. At first I hardly knew what to think. For a moment I was dumbfounded, but I soon recovered myself and comprehended the situation. Mary had been on a tear, and had become beastly drunk. Finding her down among the dying cholera-stricken, her friends thought, of course, that she, too, had passed in her chips, and that there was nothing left but to bury her. Yes, we postponed the funeral, and Mary Lynn continued to be notorious in the police annals for a number of years."

—Oscar Wilde says that short hair cannot go with knee breeches. No, it usually goes with striped trousers.—*Buffalo Courier.*

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—A Cincinnati paper calls its secret-society news "Goat Hairs Swept from Lodge Room Floors."

—It is so quiet at some of the summer resorts that a mosquito's yawn can be heard for half a mile.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—Golden weddings seem to be numerous now all over the United States. You must hurry up and have one, if you wish to be in style.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—Letters from several of the largest dealers in fish in Eastern Maine and others show conclusively that this is the worst year for fishermen that has ever been known.

—A Revolutionary relic in the shape of a twelve pound shot was found in the Mohawk River, near Fultonville, N. Y., a short time ago by a fisherman, which he retains in his posession.

—A gang of Winnebago Indians employed on the Union Pacific Railroad have proved to be excellent workmen and in some respects superior to those of any other nationality.—*Chicago Journal.*

—The catch-name of Beantown for Boston is simply amusing, but when a little seven-by-nine down-East newspaper calls this city "Sullivanville," it becomes serious.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Because a Virginia man dropped dead just as he was going to swear his tax list was correct, the *Merchant Traveler* says it seems as if a man should learn a little from the Bible story of Ananias.

—"The more I study the subject," said a well-known citizen of Massachusetts recently, "the more fully I am convinced that our State Prison policy has a direct tendency to make hardened criminals."—*Boston Herald.*

—Reports of the harvest prospects from all parts of Ireland are very encouraging. In the northern, the midland and southern counties, the crops are full and promising. The potato yield is large.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A horse belonging to Mr. Clark, of New York, that has been afflicted with stiff joints, was brought to his knees by a stroke of lighting recently, and since that time his knees have not been stiff and he skips off like a young colt.—*Troy (N. Y.) Times.*

—An Englishman who pretends to know all about cholera epidemics says that it is safe to stay in a place as long as the swallows and sparrows remain. When these feathered visitants dissappear, he packs his trunk and leaves by the first conveyance.—*N. Y. Post.*

—The white elephants which Barnum's agent got in Siam, and had transferred to a ship at Singapore, were poisoned at the orders of a native official, to prevent the sacred animals from being put to unholy uses. Mr. Barnum was thus out of pocket $130,000.—*Hartford Post.*

—An old doe whose fawns had been captured near Sylvania, Ga., became so enraged that she charged upon a pack of dogs, who had her fawns captive, and, by jumping up in the air and striking them with her feet, succeeded in putting the dogs to flight, and then marched triumphantly off with her children.—*Chicago Times.*

—Values have fallen below their proper level, as measured by the volume of the currency. This undue decline has released large amounts of money, which will sooner or later seek employment in business channels. In other words, the time for a panic has gone by, and the country is gradually but surely approaching a renewal of seasonable activity and higher prices.—*Boston Herald.*

—Alphonse Karr, who is fighting vivisection with great ardor, argues that nothing contributes more to render manners so cruel as the spectacle of torture inflicted on animals, and quotes Montaigne, who said, "It was by killing beasts that man came to kill man." The great champion of vivisection in France is Paul Bert, whose atheistic school manuals have raised such difficulties between the clergy and the Government.—*N. Y. Independent.*

—A huge alligator has been the terror of bathers at Montrose, Ala., for a long time. The other day a colored man saw the monster sunning himself near the wharf, and determined to sacrifice him. Seizing an ax he rushed into the water and engaged in mortal combat. The struggle was fierce, and lasted a full hour, at the end of which time the alligator quit the scene of earthly woe. The saurian measured ten feet three inches in length.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Some of the merchants of Philadelphia develop an amount of business enterprise that does much to acquit that city of the charge of being behind the age. A shoe store has had a photograph gallery fitted up in the top floor, where every purchaser of a pair of shoes is entitled to have his photograph taken. A cigar dealer exposes the legend: "A ticket for the Mannerchor Garden and a good Havanna cigar for 25 cents." And a popular dentist attracts custom to himself by giving teeth on trial.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—In the Crimea two Tarters quarrelled on account of their common sweetheart, and they agreed to settle their troubles in their own way. Without any artificial weapons they met each other as the bucks do, striking each other with their foreheads. They made half a dozen rounds; blood flowed from both of them, yet neither of the Tartars would yield. After another furious round, one of them fell down exhausted. Being crazed by defeat, he drew his knife and cut his throat on the spot. The winner, crowned with a wreath of bumps, repaired to his sweetheart, whom he now possesses.

—The prefect of police in Paris has taken steps to suppress the crying of false news in the streets, an abuse that has grown to insufferable proportions. Among the favorite cries of the newsvendors have been such announcements as "The assassination of Rochefort!" "The death of President Grevy!" "The suicide of Sarah Bernhardt!" and "The new manifesto of Bismarck!"

—A crazy woman in Louisville boarded a street car the other day, drove out all the passengers and insisted that it was her special car. A policeman persuaded her to arrest him and lead him to the station house, where she was locked up.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

STORMY TIMES.

Disastrous Storm on the Atlantic—Fearful Consequences to the Fishing Fleet off the Banks of Newfoundland—Great Destruction of Property Along the New Jersey Coast.

HALIFAX, N. S., Aug. 31.

Late intelligence of the effects of Wednesday night's storm around the coast of Nova Scotia shows the damage to shipping is quite extensive. Ten schooners were driven ashore, some completely wrecked and others badly damaged. The fury of the gale was terrific. The tower of the new Catholic Church at Cape Breton was carried away, and a large wooden building moved from its foundations.

The East Anglia arrived for coal; she had one or two of her plates started and was strained a little by Wednesday night's gale. The schooner Fannie B., from Cow Bay, Cape Breton, via Gabarus, reports having her deck-load of fish carried away during the storm. The schooner Vesta from Labrador had to run thirty miles before the gale, and her mainsail was carried away. The schooner Amos B. was driven ashore.

The schooner Mary is a total wreck at Manadiere. The schooner Stetter is driven ashore at Arichat and bilged. The schooner Alice L. M. Crondis is reported ashore at Margatee, Cape Breton. The schooner Mary E. Banks is ashore at Landoise. The Foaming Billow is ashore at Sheet Harbor, but will likely be got off. The schooner Queen of the Fleet, from Labrador, bound to Lunenburg, is reported ashore at Englishtown, Cape Breton. The schooner J. B. Delliven went ashore at Scatlesie Island, Cape Breton, but will probably be got off. The brigantine Annie Jamaica, for Montreal, forty-four days out, is reported at Sidney, Cape Breton, in a leaky condition. The steamer Bryn Glass, Pensacola for Barrow, arrived to-day for coal, and reports that she felt the storm very severely from five o'clock Wednesday evening to daylight the following morning. The wind blew with terrific force, and while the engines were at full speed to try to keep the ship up to the wind, the feed pipe of one of the boilers burst, and the steam had to be shut off. With the assistance of sails she was kept up to the wind till the engines were got to work again with the use of one boiler. She bore up for this port. The accident to the boiler will not detain the steamer here. A telegram from Cowboy, Cape Breton, reports the gale fearful there. The American brig Atlas and schooners Edward Johnson and Volunteer were driven ashore and all except the Edward Johnson probably total wrecks. The Volunteer, which was laden with coal, had the bottom knocked out. The schooner Ripple with two hundred quintals of fish sank in her dock. Other smaller crafts were wrecked, but no lives lost.

THE STORM ON THE GRAND BANKS.

ST. JOHNS, N. F., Aug. 31.

From the arrivals the past twenty-four hours from Grand Banks intelligence of an alarming disaster to the fishing fleet has been received. The most reliable and definite news comes from the Gloucester schooner Wachusett. She was anchored about twenty miles southeast of the Virginus. She narrowly escaped the fury of the storm and made for land. While coming in she passed through a vast amount of wreckage indicating destructive work of the gale. The storm arose from eastward, shortly after sunrise Sunday last. A heavy sea rapidly piled up and became confused and choppy by the wind veering to the northeast. For thirty miles of the schooner's course wreckage was encountered on every side. Many dories were seen bottom up and oars, fish boards and other material in large quantities were passed from time to time. One French fishing brig alone lost four dories with all hands. The vessel's decks were swept, cables parted and anchors lost. A general estimate based upon the best information at present obtainable puts the loss of life at from sixty to eighty souls, while the damage to the fleet is incalculable. At the time the gale sprang up there were, it is assumed, 2,000 dories away at their trawls, and it will be fortunate if the extent of the disaster to the great bank fleet is circumscribed within this report.

EFFECTS OF THE STORM ON THE ATLANTIC COAST.

ATLANTIC CITY, Aug. 31.

Thousands of people visited the Sands this morning to gaze on the scene of destruction caused by yesterday's high tides. The damages yet cannot be fully estimated, but will amount to over $200,000. Last evening the remnants of the dilapidated pier opposite the excursion houses were carried away. The heavy surf forced the water half-way up Pacific Avenue. The broad walk from the ocean pier at Kentucky Avenue and North Carolina Avenue is gone. The beach front is one mass of debris, bath-houses, restaurants, photograph galleries, cigar stores and all business places in the central portion of the city have been carried away altogether, or much damaged. From North Carolina to Tennessee Avenues about twenty feet of the beach front is entirely washed away. There is nothing to hold up the buildings still standing, but the mass of debris which was forced under them and which broke off the posts supporting the structure. The ocean pier received a terrible straining, but it did not give way. Twenty-five sections, sixteen feet in length, of board wall, three bath-houses and a large number of electric light poles were dashed against the pier at one time. The railroad to South Atlantic City was so badly damaged that no trains are running to-day. Large forces of men are engaged in repairing the places not demolished and removing the debris from the beach.

RED BANK, N. J., Aug. 31.

One hundred thousand dollars will not repair the great damage done to railroad and private property by the tidal waves of yesterday and today. Sandy Hook, which was yesterday a peninsula, is today an island. The most reliable estimate made of the damage to the property of the New Jersey Southern Railway is $60,000. The great bulkhead that was built by the railroad last spring just north of the Highlands, at Navesink Station, and which cost $50,000, is almost a complete wreck. The tracks of the railroad run along on a narrow strip of sand from Sandy Hook Cedars to Sea Bright, separating the Atlantic Ocean from Shewsbury River. At the Highlands the ocean has driven through this barrier, and river and ocean intermingle. For miles between a distance one mile north of the Highlands and as far north as Sea Bright the New Jersey Southern road-bed has been washed out in spots, while in other places the tide has piled the sand of the beach in pyramids from three to four feet high upon the track. Along the beach from Sea Bright and Monmouth Beach to Ocean Grove the tidal waves have lashed the sea front, crumbling away yards of valuable green swarded bluff. At Berkley, the next summer resort, near Baynead, twenty miles below Long Branch, there is a heavy washout, stopping all travel on the Long Branch & Philadelphia Railroad.

NEW YORK, Aug. 31.

The unusually high tide which has been running for the past two days continued yesterday. In the evening the cellars along West and South streets were filled with water, and in many cases it ran within half a foot of the ground floor. At the ferry slips the deck rails of boats were several inches above the top of the fenders of the dock, so that a passenger could easily step from the deck to the fenders above. The cause of this high tide is mainly from the stiff northeast wind which has been blowing in from the ocean for the past forty-eight hours, and partly from the moon, which is changing. It is expected that the tide will run lower to-day, and in the meantime pumps are in demand among the residents along the river front. The tide was the highest of the season at Rockaway.